

SUNDAY MORNING IN BROOKLYN.



A Happy Home Scene That Will Be Common When Wives Learn to Wield a Razor.

The Evening World

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MR. PLATT'S SONG AND DANCE.

To read Mr. T. C. Platt's statement about the good deeds of the last Legislature one might suppose that Thomas was trying to fool the people of this city. Thomas is wiser than that. He is fully aware that the people hereabouts know exactly how and how much he has deviled every effort of good citizens to get out of the coils of machine politics.

That document is not for dwellers in the city. After the usual style of bunco men, Thomas is now trapping for Jews and Reubens. They are few newspapers bear little of what goes on in Albany and care little what is done in, for or about this town so long as it supplies summer boarders with pocketbooks.

They do go to primaries, and they help to make delegates to the Republican State Convention. Just now Thomas wants delegates, and his manifesto is intended for the use mainly of his handshakers all over the State, who will use the arguments in answer to the questions of the Jews and Reubens asking what there is in this vague talk of trouble that has broken out down in New York.

That is the purpose of Mr. Platt's pronouncements. Mr. Platt's closest political friends would say that their present of relaxation: "There is giving them a song and dance."

All success and all harmony to the new Sixty-ninth. Let the brave regiment fight, hereafter, only with enemies—and let there be none of those.

STICK TO THE PEOPLE.

Commander Booth, of the Salvation Army, has detected aristocratic tendencies in some of his followers. He is opposed to that sort of "higher up" movement among his soldiers. In a recent sermon he warned them that the field for their fighting is not among kid-glove people, but among the poor and the lowly, among the great mass of the people who are on the wrong side of the line which divides wealth and poverty.

There is a point behind all this which is good for some reform politicians, especially such as have got some of the spoils of victory. Do not let them be puffed up by triumph nor by office. Let them continue to cultivate and to be of the people. It is not by any aristocracy of politics that bossism and its accompanying evils are to be permanently overthrown. The way to beat machine politics and to keep it beaten is not through an office-holding Four Hundred. In the great body of the people—the common people—is the strength of reform. State and the strength of reform. Among the workers are the men to be gained and kept by those who would make State and city better.

New York has had Police Commissioners who were rascals, but never before had she so many who were rascals.

RIP VAN WINKLE IN THE CABINET.

A despatch from Cincinnati gives what purports to be a summary of the views of Attorney-General Harmon, on a few prominent questions of interest at this time.

Judge Harmon has amassed a fortune as a corporation lawyer, and is regarded as a leading authority on Trusts. He holds that the combination of capital is not a breach of the law. The law authorizing and regulating Trusts is well established. Many Trusts have been declared legal, and as each Trust presents distinctive and special features, each must be considered on its own merits.

He approves the Supreme Court's decision declaring it unconstitutional to tax incomes arising from rents like the Astors enjoy, and bonds such as well as the millions of the Vanderbilts and Goulds. He is glad the Income Tax is set aside, and taxation on the necessities of life retained.

Does the world move? Is the change from Olney to Harmon progress? Are the politicians Rip Van Winkles? Do they know that while they sleep the people are awake and doing their own thinking?

Friends and promoters of the Greater New York should not spend an idle summer. There is a battle to be won in the Fall.

A PROMISED LITIGATION.

The present Board of Police Justices held a consultation last night and decided to contest in the courts the constitutionality of the law removing them from office and giving the Mayor the appointment of their successors. Justices Simms, the Tammany Judge, and Eichel, the Republican, who are appointed by Mayor Strong, did not attend.

It was determined to carry the case to the highest court, if necessary, and it is said that Judge Neph Davis,

Edward Lauterbach and Col. James have already been retained as counsel for the ousted Judges. It is also suggested to secure the services of Lawyers Choate, Couder and Carter.

If the suit should go against the city taxpayers for one year three hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, less the salary of Simms and Eichel. The salary of the present Judges would be one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the year. The salary of the new Judges, one hundred and one thousand, and the court officers about one hundred thousand dollars more.

Public sentiment demanded a change in our Police Court system. But it is a pity the constitutionality of the new law could not be tested before the change was made.

The President's fishing trip was sudden. Nobody had heard he was cutting that kind of bait.

MUSIC FOR THE BABIES.

There will be music on the fresh air stations to be given by the "Rock Babies" Fund—music from 5 o'clock in the morning, when the boat leaves the first dock, until 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, when the one thousand breezy-freshened and melody-tonicked little ones shall be landing in the city again and sent to their homes. There will be refreshments, too, and matrons and doctors and every attention will be given to the tots that their condition and the nature of the occasions demand, but we mention the music prominently because we want to say something about it.

Some people there are who may not sanction the music feature of these outings and who may think that it is a wasteful waste of the little money that is paid for it. Those people are entitled to their opinion, and if they get to heaven, as we hope everybody will, they deserve to be given seats in the back row where the soft notes of the golden harps or the sweet voices of the seraphim choir will never reach them.

Anybody who sees the eager delight with which children throng and dance around a street organ, with its up-and-brightened eyes, will understand the good there is in music, even if it is poor music. There is a strong medical view, too, that music is curative and pathologically beneficial in its effects. It is that and so many. It lightens the hearts of the little ones, and even sets the infants' pink toes to twiddling; it cheers, quickens the blood, clears the head and is a general joy-diffuser, and the babies on the excursions are going to have it to supplement the ocean sepiers and all their digestion—no matter what others say.

There was nobody to haul down the American flag when Mayor Strong went to Philadelphia yesterday. Therefore, nobody was shot on the spot. But the moral system of the city executive department experienced a terrible break. Hereafter, when the banner of the Republic floats proudly over the City Hall, we can only say: "Hail! The Mayor is here—or is in Philadelphia."

Thirty-six new lawyers got their diplomas in this city last night. It is a fact beyond question that there are far too many lawyers. Whether there are too many lawyers or not depends largely upon the aims, ambitions and principles of those who take to the legal profession.

A Hartford couple that made love sixty years ago, but separated after a quarrel and married in other directions, have just been made man and wife. People who are trying to find out what love is should communicate with these old folks, for they surely must know.

The Secretary of War has not passed upon the North River Bridge plans yet. "For the reason that the Chief of Engineers has not submitted his official recommendation on the subject." Great is Rod Tri in the land. Yet how we want that bridge!

Gov. Morton is back among the thirty-day bills. Let that one die. Mr. Governor, which applies the Rogues' Gallery index system to the process of registering free voters.

Brooklyn's Aldermen are likely to follow the good New York example in the matter of requiring lights on all vehicles after dark. They couldn't do better.

Human nature has to be ashamed of itself at times in the face of such offenses as that cutting and slashing of Gladstone's portrait in Old Broad Street.

President Cleveland is pretty handy with his pen, and we are not surprised to learn that he is dropping a line to the trout and bass near Leesburg, Va.

The first gun of the free-silver campaign was fired in Louisiana yesterday when the "Timocratic" Convention was opened. It was a sixteen-to-one shot.

Yesterday's bridge railway breakdown was right on time. It came in the rush hours. And such a jam of traffic was needed more than words can tell.

Another telephone war is imminent. As usual, when the smoke of battle clears away, it will be found that the public has got the worst of it.

Never mind. The Sunday extremists are helping by their own bigotry and intolerance to bring the dawn of a thoroughly American Sunday.

Commissioner Andrews is pulling the cowboys off the eyecalls of policemen who cannot see an easy-swinging side door in operation on Sunday.

The prices of steel rails have gone up, but excursion tickets to Coney Island are cheaper than they ever were; so what's the use of kicking.

Forty dollars for a job at street-cleaning isn't much when you take a look at the street and see what a squalor the job is.

"Police Justices muster." And bluster. But they've got to go. July 1 is the date, and there's no stay of proceedings.

Attorney-General Harmon says "Some trusts are good trusts." He ought to know; some trusts have been very good to him.

To Mr. Harrison, of Indiana: A \$10,000 restraint in hand is worth more than the ghost of a snow at a Presidential nomination.

The Police Justices say they are going to hold on to their jobs. Can you blame them? Where will they ever strike again? But they won't tell.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

If I were a post-office robber, or any other kind of offender against the Federal laws, and fell into the hands of the authorities, it would give me positive pleasure to be arraigned before United States Commissioner John A. Shields. Besides being one of the handsomest men in this locality, Commissioner Shields has a way of making a prisoner feel that everything will be all right pretty soon. He beams good nature on the culprit all through the proceedings, and when it comes necessary to send a prisoner back to jail, pending trial, he signs the commitment papers with just the least possible show of hesitation. Every prisoner who goes out from Mr. Shields' presence to jail feels sure that, if there had been any show for him at all, he would have got it.

The newspaper portraits of Secretary of State Oliver fall to give the average reader a really correct idea of his appearance. The prominent Cabinet officer is a stockily set, short-necked, chest-browed man, of medium height, with a broad, high forehead, a square-jawed, forceful face, adorned by a drooping iron-gray mustache, and is dignified rather than suave of manner. He is rising three-score, and comes of a "fighting Baptist family." When appointed Attorney-General, his practice was worth quite \$50,000 a year, chiefly in fat fees for services to corporations.

As to the recent Hunter-Rhodes wedding, I find Vanity echoing the pleasant gossip of Lenox, to the effect that the marriage was so entirely and solely an American affair. Miss Rhodes is essentially an American girl, a good wife, fond of outdoor life, and of a lovely, spirited nature. Young Rhodes promises to be a most of business and affairs. The match was an old-fashioned love affair. The wedding was a home-made affair, the native freeborn, and in this respect it will soon be duplicated by the marriage of two other multi-millionaires, Miss Edith Rockefeller and Mr. Harold McCormick.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

how they are going to hold on. Probably they are waiting for somebody to tell that to themselves.

The weather guesser has to do a lot of guessing these days.

It is Commissioner Grant's turn to do the roundman act.

Asphalt pavements for all New York. Push them along!

No half-pay goes with McLaughlin's retirement.

EDITORIAL MEDLEY.

Guess the Bishop Thinks Better.

By the way, has any one heard lately from the Rev. Bishop Cox, who remarked a year or so ago that a woman on a bicycle was no better than a witch on a broomstick would be consider it quite safe to repeat the opinion now—Providence Journal.

A Menu Suggestion.

The portrait of Gen. Harrison which is to be placed in the White House does him proud. A view of the Cape May cottage in the background would enhance the historical value of the picture—New Bedford Journal.

Good Roads Coming On.

The good roads movement, for the inception and presentation of which the country is greatly indebted to the bicycle, is still making encouraging progress. It has already added some of the many millions that it is destined to add to the value of farm and town properties—Washington Post.

Spain and Cuba.

The failure, the bitterness, the agony of Spain's long experience in Cuba has taught her nothing. She is the worst of the Iberians. She merits no consideration. Success to the instruction—Chicago Post.

MEN WHO FIGHT FIRES.

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TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Advice About Ailments That May Be Treated at Home.

Please suggest something for indigestion, the attacks cause distress after eating and a belching of gas and some food. Also tell me how to treat that pesky constipation. H. B. G.

1. Take five drops of tincture of nuxvomica in water before each meal and a powder composed of two grains of pure pepsin and five grains of subnitrate of bismuth after eating. You should avoid haste in eating and masticate your food thoroughly. 2. Dust them twice a day with a powder composed of thirty grains of salicylic acid, one ounce of oxide of zinc and one ounce of carbolated talcum powder.

Kindly suggest a simple remedy for hemorrhoids.

Get some murrate of ammonia lozenges and use them as required.

Do you consider dandelion a good medicine for the liver in the case of one who is troubled with biliousness? How should it be used? W. E. C.

1. Yes. 2. One or two teaspoonfuls of the fluid extract should be taken morning and evening.

Kindly inform me of a good stimulating tonic for the hair.

A lotion composed of one dram of tincture of cantharides, two drams of spirits of rosemary, one-half ounce of glycerine and four ounces of bay rum may be used with good effect. It should be applied once a day and rubbed into the scalp very thoroughly.

What can I take for a yellow complexion? I think it due to a disturbance of my liver.

1. Take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in water three times a day.

I am twenty-two years of age and troubled with rheumatism. It affects my feet. What shall I take for it? E. L. B., Brooklyn.

Take ten grains of salicylate of soda in water every three or four hours.

Kindly let me know of a remedy for a red nose, there are some pimples on the side of the nose.

Bathe the nose with hot water, dry thoroughly and apply a lotion composed of two drams of tincture of camphor, one-half ounce of spirit of camphor, one-half ounce of glycerine and four ounces of rose water. The application should be made just before retiring.

J. F. WHITMYER, M. D.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

The Rose from Her Hair.

She gave him the rose from her hair; He had called and was gone away; She gave him the rose, but she did not suppose He would keep it forever and aye. Yet the dead rose was carefully kept; Ah, he was too true to her, far! For the fact that she gave him found an odorous grave In his other girl's perfume jar.

—Washington Post.

About Time.

Father of large family? My dear, isn't it about time you were thinking of getting married?

Daughter—Grand, I haven't thought of anything else for years—New York Weekly.

Hello, Central!

To our eyes the telephone girl is a creature of the future.

Contented is she, and well she may be. To get all the world by the ears.

—Detroit Tribune.

Contrary to Custom.

Kitty—Do you think it is nice for people to go on calling on each other "dear" and "dearie" after they are married?

—Brooklyn Life.

Little Bread.

The question of our daily bread is nearly this, we take it; The men go out and get the dough And then the women bake it.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Something to Eat.

Stranger (in Boston)—Give me some whiskey. Waiter—Can't serve any liquor, sir, except at meals. You'll have to order something to eat.

Stranger—Um—bring me a plate of sugar on lemon and some whiskey.—New York Weekly.

CHURCH.

Oh, we never, never rest, But we always do our best. A vigil on the altar we raise a storm. We are bound to have reform. And you bet your life we never, never sleep! ANDREW.

I have tramped the precincts o'er, I have entered the side door. While the unsuspecting copiers loitered near; I have given them a kick. As I went to take a drink. And before their eyes I had taken beer. CHORUS:

Oh, we never, never rest, As PARKER.

I have got another job. But by night as well as day. In far suburban precincts I am found; Into stations I will drop. And I make the sergeants hop. Oh, they never know when Parker is around. CHURCH.

Oh, we never, never rest, But we always do our best. A vigil on the altar we raise a storm. We are bound to have reform. And you bet your life we never, never sleep! N. A. J.

Dangerous Experimenting.

Prof. Karsen, of Berlin, has been experimenting on "breath figures on glass." Experiments of that kind have done much for the good-nature industry in this country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Disunity of Cycling.

Cycling is, in fact, a science as well as an art, and to be a perfect cyclist one must be a perfect gentleman, as well as a very discreet and wide-awake citizen.—Baltimore Sun.

AMONG US WOMEN.

The women suffragists have been dipping into the servant question in San Francisco. Helen Campbell, of this city, the author of "Pioneers of Poverty," knows about the status of domestic service, and she has said: "A million women are doing domestic service in this country, but it is more undesirable than any kind of labor open to women. They will come a time when domestic employees will have to show diplomas, and then we will pass through the stages of professor and artist, and domestic science will occupy the same position as other trained service."

Rev. Miss Wilkes, of San Francisco, told her hearers that the badge of cap and apron, as seen on the street, was a badge of service, and was thoroughly un-American. She said the servant should have a pleasant room, even if the guest had to be provided; and that a place must be provided where a servant could receive her callers.

Susan B. Anthony said it was the social law that made housework degrading to women, and it was founded on the debased condition of married women. "If a woman does her own housework, she may be the President of the Mite Society," said Miss Anthony. "But if her husband dies, and she goes out to do some one else's housework, no one would care for a President of the Mite Society."

From my own point of view, the servant problem seems to be one that is tolerably simple of solution, as far as the question of the ordinary servant is concerned. The most serious phase of the situation is in the parlor, where the question arises, how is the mistress, the de-throned queen of home, to live under the absolute monarchy established by the autocratic and arrogant personage who is employed to wash the cups and saucers and brush the crumbs away?

PRUDENCE SHAW.

KEYPORT ON THE BAY.

A sort of modest little town.

A whiff in the Jersey coast.

A snare retreat from duty heat.

That worried us up in the town.

Just buried in the leafy trees.

Half buried from the world away.

A laugh in every parlor's breeze—

That's Keyport on the bay.

The whitecaps shake their plumes in air.

As kiss their hands to folks ashore.

An' dance an' smile to every breeze.

An' prattle tales of ocean lore.

An' on the smooth shell-spangled sands

The merry children romp and play.

An' clap in glee their chubby hands

At Keyport on the bay.

The masts of ships were graceful as

The gentle billows fall an' rise.

An' seem to wave to folks ashore.

Upon the tablets of the shore.

An' jolly bathers everywhere

Out in the waters sport an' play!

An' get a bit of sea air

At Keyport on the bay.

BARTON.

MAKING HIS WHEEL LIGHT.

Lime water is an important factor in the cure of scurvy, and its use is recommended by the medical profession.

Housekeeping at Samoa.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson says that housekeeping in Samoa was not so idyllic as it might seem. Her supplies came from New Zealand or Australia, once a month, so that if she wanted a bottle of bluing or a bag of flour, for instance, she had to send half across the Pacific to get it. The native diet was all well enough for a few weeks, but as it consisted almost solely of fruit and fish, it began to pall on European palates.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to perform, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Bike Riders Want the Earth.

To the Editor:

To a man on the sidewalk it seems as though it were the poor people who travel on foot who need sympathy, rather than the poor down-trodden cyclist. Wheelers are the most despised of the rights of others of any class in the community. I have never seen a bicycle in the last Sunday (it is the same every day) bicyclers by the dozen used the sidewalks surrounding Prospect Park (Trentonville), and the same walks of the Williams entrance to the same, making it impossible for men and women and children to pass. This was but a quarter of a mile from their pathway on the Coney Island Boulevard, to make which they took one of the sidewalks for people on foot, not satisfied with which they went to take the other. Talk about hops or a New